

ENGLISH ANCESTRY
By HENRY B. BASS

DRAWER 1 EUROPEAN

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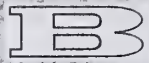
Thomas Lincoln Family

English Ancestry Collected
by Henry Bass

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

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January 19, 1970

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Mr. Dick Brownlee
Missouri Historical Society
Columbia, Missouri

Dear Dick:

For some time I have been making the claim I have visited more places having to do with Abraham Lincoln and people closely associated with him than any other person. After a recent around-the-world trip from which we have just returned, I believe I am in shape to pretty well back up that statement. We visited Norfolk and photographed every place which had any known connection with the Lincolns from which sprang Lincoln's English progenitor.

Upon my return home I found a release from the Lincoln National Foundation of Fort Wayne listing every known town Abraham Lincoln visited in his lifetime. Possibly you remember the afternoon you thoroughly deflated me by assuring me Abraham Lincoln never visited Columbia. I had heard that story during my under-graduate days at the University of Missouri and I had repeated it times without number. I seem to recall you thought he did reach Rocheport on his trek into Missouri. Rocheport is not shown on the list of Missouri points visited by Abraham Lincoln according to the list I have.

I wonder if you would take the time to brief me on just what you have on Lincoln's visit to Missouri. And any points you might have knowledge of his having visited.

Please give my best to your folks and any other of my Columbia friends you might encounter. Boy! Did I suffer through that Orange Bowl game.

Most sincerely,

Henry B. Bass

HBB:el

Abraham Lincoln statue
by James Earle Fraser
in Cowboy Hall of Fame
and Western Heritage Center
Oklahoma City



Dr. Gerald McMurtry
910 West Rudisill Boulevard
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46807

Dear Gerald:

I trust you had a Merry Christmas and are buoyed for a happy and prosperous new year. Apparently, for Bertie and me, 1971 holds a return visit to Europe. Our oldest granddaughter and one of her sorority big sisters have considerably volunteered to chaperone us on a European tour. In the course of this tour we plan to make what our English driver-guide George Samuels and I call a poetical tour of England. The main point on this tour for me is to be a more thorough exploration of the land of Abraham Lincoln's ancestors. If you have gathered any material about Lincoln's ancestors in England since last I corresponded with you, I would appreciate learning of it.

In the meantime, I have taken up a correspondence with an English lady who is a member of the Lincoln clan from which Abraham Lincoln sprang. If I have not sent you xerox copies of the data I have of my contact with her, I am correcting that omission at this moment.

Sometime back one of the Lincoln Lore issues was devoted to the places covered by the Lincoln Day to Day books. Before I received this, I had started going through those books making a list of all the places Lincoln had visited. Many of these places I have already visited and I intend to visit as many more as possible in the future. Now I find I have mislaid that copy of Lincoln Lore. Would it be possible for you to send me one or two more copies. If you can see your way clear to doing this I will endeavor to do something for you some day.

Most sincerely,

Henry B. Bass

HBB:er

English Lincoln

HENRY B. BASS

(Collector of Lincoln Poetry)

1901 COMANCHE TRAIL
ENID, OKLAHOMA

January 6, 1971

"Thy task is done; the bonds are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave."

— William Cullen Bryant

"'Tis the wink of an eye,
'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health
to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon
to the bier and the shroud
O, why should the spirit
of mortal be proud."

— William Knox

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early
dropp'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn
with ever-returning spring.
Ever-returning spring,
trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilacs blooming perennial
and dropping, star in the west,
And thoughts of him I love."

— Walt Whitman

"And when he fell, in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

— Edwin Markham

*The weary form that rested not
Save in a martyr's grave;
The care-worn face that none forgot
Turned to the kneeling slave.
We met in peace where his sad eyes
Saw peril, stripes and pain;
This was the awful sacrifice
and ours the priceless gain.*

"His gaunt, gnarled hands,
his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, or art to please; . . ."

— Tom Taylor

"Tom Lincoln lies right over there
In that log cabin bleak and bare —
They say they have a little babe
(I understand they've named him Abe).
Yes, Sally said just t'other day,
That nothin' happens down this way!"

— Lulu Thompson

"Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

— Walt Whitman

"For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

— Fitz-Green Halleck

6A Sandy Lane
Dereham
Norfolk, England

8-4-70

Dear Mr. Bass:

Thank you for your letter of March 13th. I am sorry not to have answered before but the whole thing has snowballed so much that I have turned a large part of it over to my son. He, Martin, has been invited to visit Springfield, Illinois, by Mike Johnson, Leycand House, 5th Capitol, Springfield. He has, of course, accepted and is waiting to hear details. Unfortunately, the air mail he sent following the first cable hadn't been delivered, and on Saturday a second cable arrived, causing him to go through the same procedure.

I was extremely interested to hear of your visit to Norfolk. Such a pity, as we only live a 5 to 10 minute walk from the Phoenix Hotel. I could have, perhaps, helped you.

It is only this year that my sons and myself have come into the picture; all over the years it has been my cousins at Swanton Morley, mainly because they have lived there all their lives, but as they have had no children, and it is the men of the Lincoln's the Americans are interested in someone at last thought of us. My mother was the eldest daughter of John Lincoln - all long deceased. Martin and the press reporters are very busy making notes for him and fortunately all over the years I have saved newspaper cuttings, etc. and have got in touch with various people, but there is such a lot we would like to find out. We have a map of the Angel Inn at Swanton Morley 1692 which shows Henry Lincoln's "My Ye old Field" and other land.

Actually, I was born in one of the Angel I's cottages 62 years ago. I expect you know how the brothers quarrelled and one of his 3 sons were sent to Hingham with 2 acres of land & finally emigrated to America. Miss Lucinda Franks, was such a charming girl from United Press, Incorp. who interviewed u. Although I was most amused to read that we spent our time chatting & visiting the local pub. Actually, we live next door to the "Gemini", a 3 yr. old pub & I have been in three times to "wedding do's". Of course all cricket, football, darts, table tennis, committee meetings in this country are held in the local & as my four sons are very keen sportsmen, they do of course go there. Also our publican neighbors are very nice folk & we are very lucky to be near car park, etc. I may have some poetry Lincoln for you in the near future. I have been promised some.

Yours sincerely,

/s/ Ethel Battelley



UPI TELEPHOTO

Mrs. Ethel Battelley of Dereham, England, who said "We're just about the only blood

Lincolns around these parts," shows a portrait of Abraham Lincoln to two of her sons.

He may be English, but he's a Lincoln

By LUCINDA L. FRANKS

DEREHAM, England (UPI) — The boy with the jutting chin and gangly limbs looked up from the fireplace.

"I may be English," he said, stoking the coals, "but I'm still a Lincoln."

It has been 300 years and a score of generations since the forefathers of Abraham Lincoln slung sack over their shoulders and set off from the east English coast for Her Majesty's fledgling colony across the sea.

But there is a clan here in the foggy village of Dereham that has not forgotten.

"We're just 'bout the only blood Lincolns left 'round these parts and we're proud of it," said Mrs. Ethel Battelley, a plump woman in a hand-sewn apron.

Mrs. Battelley's mother was a Lincoln, a direct descendant of Samuel Lincoln, the impoverished weaver who emigrated to America in 1637 to become the great-great-great-great grandfather of President Lincoln.

It is not only Mrs. Battelley's name that speaks up for her Lincoln heritage. She has three tall, lanky sons, each carrying the unmistakably Lincoln-esque features—jutting chin, square jaw, sharp, chiseled facial structure.

The Battelleys are a working class family who live in a small brick house and like to spend their time down at the pub or at home chatting around a coal fire. Mrs. Battelley's husband is a truck driver. Her son, Martin, 31, the one she thinks looks most like Lincoln, is a postman. Christopher, 28, whose birthday falls two days after Lincoln's, is a civil servant and plays cricket on a county team.

Mrs. Battelley's sons may not have much thought for politics but according to townsfolk who call them "the battling Battelleys," they play soccer every weekend "with the guts of a thoroughbred Lincoln."

"All I can say is they're a pack of rebels," said Mrs. Battelley. "You should see them on the soccer field. And Martin's always speaking out and getting people's backs up."

Martin looks much like a skinnier version of Lincoln, beardless, strong-voiced and articulate.

"I don't know that many details about Abe," he said.

"But I like the way he spoke his mind. He wasn't afraid to call a spade a spade and I like to think I'm a bit that way."

Mrs. Battelley threw a new bag of coal on the fire and brewed some tea. "You won't see any log cabins 'round here but we've always been proud of one thing—and you might as well call it the Lincoln in us—we have no patience for anything crooked, anything deceitful."

Mrs. Battelley remembers when she became really aware of her Lincoln connections. "Of course, I'd known about it for many years, but it really came to the fore when the Americans came over during the war," she said.

"A huge black car drove up and some top-ranking American got out all in medals and brass buttons. They called my cousin in from the garden and introduced her as a direct descendant of Abe Lincoln. She had on an old Mackintosh and big Wellington boots and a hideous old hat. We always laugh when we think of her shaking hands with him because she'd been cleaning out the chicken house."

The Lincoln stock came from Dereham and the nearby market towns of Hingham, Norwich and Swanton Morley. The Battelleys and their cousins are the only remaining blood relations of Lincoln in Britain but many scraps of history on the original Lincolns still exist in church registers and library archives.

The registers reveal that most of the early Lincolns were minor gentry—hard-working farmers of the middle yeoman class and parish priests.

British 'Abe' Plans Lincoln Land Visit

BY GWEN MORGAN

[Chicago Tribune Press Service]
EAST DEREHAM, England,
April 11—Martin Battelley, 32,
a postman in this small Norfolk
town who resembles his kins-
man Abraham Lincoln, was
doing his homework today for a
trip to Springfield, Ill.

Battelley, who is tall, thin, and angular, and has deep blue eyes, has cabled his plans to accept an invitation to visit in Springfield "anytime after May." He has been invited to visit there because of his "Lincoln look."

"All he needs is a chin-strap beard," commented a friend. A London newspaper reporting the invitation promptly drew the beard on Battelley's photo.

Collects Local Lore

But Battelley, only one of four brothers who has the long lean Lincoln look, is convinced looks aren't enough for this Illinois pilgrimage to which he is looking forward so much. He is busy accumulating a file of

local Lincoln lore to take with him.

His source material all lies within a few miles from home. Only five miles away is Swanton Moreley, where early Lincolns are buried. Only nine miles away is Hingham, where Abraham Lincoln's forebears moved in the 17th century from Swanton Morley, prior to their sailing to America.

Wife May Come

Battelley already has obtained leave from the local post office for the Springfield trip. He is hoping his wife, Sybil can come too and is looking for ways of raising cash for the extra personal expenses her trip would involve.

Should his wife be invited, Battelley already has standby arrangements for Jane, their 8 months old daughter. Jane is to stay with her grandmother Battelley, whose mother was Alice Lincoln of Hingham.

The Battelleys are a working class family who live in a small brick house and like to spend their time at the pub or at home chatting around a coal fire. Mrs. Battelley's husband is a truck driver. Her son Martin, 31 the one she thinks looks most like Lincoln, is a postman. Christopher, 28, is a civil servant, and Ian, 26, is an engineer and plays cricket on a county team.

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Don't Forget
But there is a clan here in the
village of Dereham that has not

score of generations since the forefathers of Abraham Lincoln slung sacks over their shoulders and set off from the east English coast for America.

DEREHAM, England, March 22 (UPI) — The boy with the jutting chin and gangly limbs looked up from the fireplace, "I may be English," he said, "stoking the coals," "but I'm still a Lincoln."

Over 300 Years

Link to Abe Goes Back

00078 N70CNI7

BRITISH CLAN TELLS PRIDE IN

have much thought for politics but according to townsfolk, who call them the Battling Battel-leys, they play soccer every week-end "with the guts of a throbored Lincoln."

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Martin looks much like a skinnier version of Lincoln, beardless, strong-voiced, and articulate.

Spade a Spade

"I don't know that many details about Abe," he said. "But I like the way he spoke his mind. He wasn't afraid to call a spade a spade, and I like to think I'm a bit that way."

Mrs. Battelley remembers class and parish priests.

6069 2nd Ave.No.
St. Petersburg FL 33710
May 16, 1970

Dr. Henry B. Bass
314 Bass Building
Enid Okla. 73701

My Dear Doctor


Your article in Lincoln Herald was doubly interesting because our John Tower and Samuel Lincoln came from Old Hingham in 1637, according to the Hingham diary of Daniel Cushing.

Your mention of the stones reminded me to make a copy of an ancient page in my notebook.

As you probably know, the Bell Tower is adjacent to the Old Ship Church in Hingham. It was built to house the bones of the "first ancestors" whose cemetery had become a hog pasture in the years of neglect.

Judging by your inability to find more on the Lincolns, I think it safe to say that it would be impossible to trace the Tower line beyond the date we have of 1601.

Most appreciatively yours


Earl J. Tower

6069 2nd Ave.No.
St. Petersburg FL 33710
June 2, 1970

Henry B. Bass
1901 Comanche Trail
Enid Oklahoma

Dear Mr. Bass:

Yes, I can easily throw just a glimmer of light on the coming of the Hingham boys through the attached copy of a letter from the late Mrs. Metcalf. That "Planters" book is not familiar but I shall try to borrow it from New England Historic Genealogical Society as I am allowed to get three books a month. If there is anything else on the Lincolns I'll let you know. I assume you know about the Nickersons.

The pages from the Tower Genealogy cover all that is known about our background. Charlemagne Tower, the Iron Master, spent \$50,000 on the book in 1890, including a trip to Hingham by his professional writer. I have never heard of another new word since.

You will note the quotation from Daniel Cushing's diary. I assume this is not in book form but available in some Boston library. My guess is that it formed the background of Bicknell's Histories of Hingham but that book must have been done long ago as NEHGS does not own a copy.

I turned a small tri-centennial history over to Mrs. Nancy Lincoln Golden, 91 Brookside Drive, Smithtown, N.Y., 11787, along with your article and an ancient one from the same magazine on the Lincoln parentage.

If Abraham came through the Hobart line, as I did, be sure to look up Blickling Hall when you go to Hingham. However, keep your tongue in your cheek because it is obvious that our Hobarts were not connected. I have some pages on that.

Even though I doubt that there would be much new in the Hingham records, of course, I should be more than delighted to have you ask.

As I belong to the National Revolutionary Graves Committee of the SAR, I recently turned in a report on Gen. Benjamin L.

Most appreciatively yours

Earl J. Tower
Earl J. Tower

6069 2nd Ave.No.
St.Petersburg FL 33710
June 22, 1970

Henry B. Bass
1901 Comanche Trail
Enid, Oklahoma

Dear Mr. Bass

That was a good question you raised about publication of Daniel Cushing's Hingham Record showing the arrival of Samuel Lincoln and John Tower.

I was able to borrow Banks "Planters of the Commonwealth". He refers to the Cushing MSS, which suggests that it was not published. But grouped with John is a list of four families taken from Daniel Cushing's Record: (Drake: "Founders.") This suggests a reference rather than complete publication.

John Tower came on "Mary Anne" of Yarmouth, William Goosse, Master. She sailed from Ipswich in May and arrived in Boston, June 20, 1637.

Next comes "Rose" of Yarmouth, William Andrews, Jr., Master, sailing from Ipswich and arriving in Boston June 8, but with the notation: IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO ALLOCATE THE PASSENGERS OF THESE TWO SHIPS TO EITHER SHIP AND THEY ARE COMBINED.

Samuel came with the family of Francis Lawes of Carleton Rode, Norfolk, as a servant, aged 11. Lawes was destined for Salem. It might be interesting to look up Carleton Rode if you get to Norfolk on your next trip. The above reference comes from Winthrop's "Jornal" and a Public Record Office MSS. A William Ludkin, locksmith of Norwich, was also headed for Hingham.

Cordially yours

Earl J. Tower

Earl J. Tower

MRS. REGINALD H. METCALF
424 PARK AVENUE
HUNTINGTON, L. I., N. Y. 11743

3/13/1967

Dear Earl:

According to p. 183 of "The Planters of
the Commonwealth, 1620-1640" by Charles Edward Banks,
publ. in Baltimore, Md. in 1961,

JOHN TOWER

came over on the MARY ARNE, out of Yarmouth, England.
Her Master was named William Goose. She sailed from
Ipswich in May and arrived at Boston on June 20, 1637.

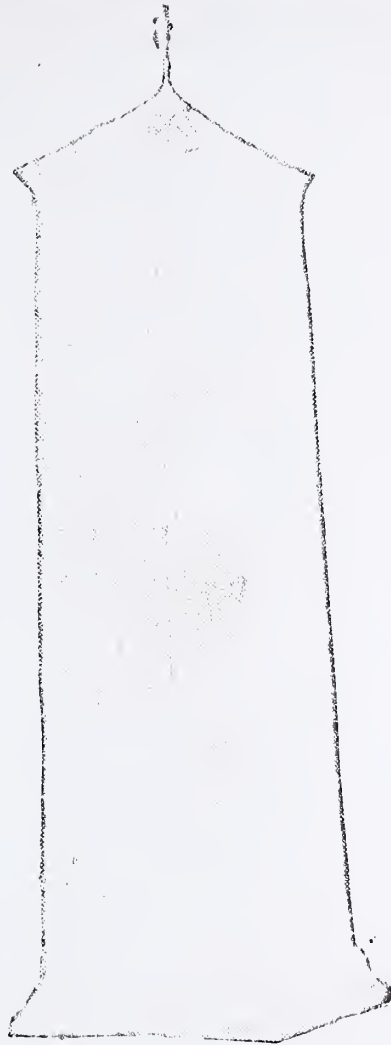
John Tower indicated that he was going to
Lyncham, Mass. I can give you the names of all his
fellow-passengers if you ever want them, for we own a
copy of the book.

The ship "John and Dorothy", on which the
Metcalf family came over, was called that way; your
spelling of Doritthe is most interesting, however.
After Samuel Lincoln (aged 18, a servant of Mr. & Mrs.
Francis Jones) obtained his "freedom" he married one
of the Nickerson girls, who also came over on the John
and Dorothy.

I shall be happy to give your clipping to Nancy
Lincoln Golden when I see her at the DAR luncheon this
Saturday. I know she will appreciate it very much.

Sincerely,

Peg



THE HINGHAM MEMORIAL

A lasting memorial of Old John Tower and his sturdy associates is this bell tower built in Hingham in 1911.

One of the stones is the only stone that Old Hingham in England ever had. With the exception of this ancient stopping stone which had lain in the village for centuries, the parent town had not one stone the size of a brick to send to its New World daughter.

Abraham Lincoln statue
by James Earle Fraser
in Cowboy Hall of Fame
and Western Heritage Center
Oklahoma City



HENRY B. BASS

(Collector of Lincoln Poetry)

1901 COMANCHE TRAIL
ENID, OKLAHOMA

August 23, 1971

Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry
910 West Rudisill Boulevard
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46807

Dear Gerald:

Bertie and I returned home exactly one hour before President Nixon made his fiscal policy announcements. I feel we were fortunate to get out of Europe before that occurred.

We really had a wonderful time. Not the least enjoyable of it was our visit to the Lincoln family ancestral homeland in Northeast England and the Hanks family ancestral homeland in Southwest England. I am enclosing pages from my travel diary covering our visit to those two areas.

Most sincerely,

H. Bass
Henry B. Bass

HBB/je

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We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
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— Edwin Markham

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"Tom Lincoln lies right over there
In that log cabin bleak and bare —
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— Walt Whitman

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One of the few, the immortal names,
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— Fitz-Green Halleck

Saturday

July 10, 1971: We aroused the princesses and left the Swan singing its praises as the most interesting hostelry any of us had ever seen. Even after we discovered its staff could furnish no stamps either. But that did not bother us. Sam and I had taken care of the situation. We had stopped at a post office and laid in a supply. We were impressed no little with the number of English folk about who had come to spend a long weekend in the colorful hotel and its extraordinarily beautiful and spacious gardens. The roses are really something.

We proceeded once again to the land of Abraham Lincoln's paternal ancestors. First we came to Hingham, a village which reminds me of Bertie's hometown in Missouri. In the 1950 census Brunswick had two fewer people than in 1850 and it has lost a bit of ground since then. Hingham has been around since at least the year 925 A.D. In 1801 the population was 1,203. But 1845 it had risen to 1,691 but the latest count drops it back to 1,314.

St. Andrew's Church dominates the town and countryside. Today Britishers were complaining of the intense heat wave which was continuing. Why it was predicted the temperature would again reach 80°F. in the south of England. As we reached the Church Sam pointed out the pub into which Bertie fled so soon as the car stopped to, in his vernacular, "Have a warm."

The Church presented an entirely different appearance than two years ago. Scaffolding was gone and everything was in order. We took pictures of the bust of Abraham Lincoln and the plaque dedicated by American Ambassador John W. Davis in 1919. Then we discovered a table on which were postcards, letter sheets and copies of a neat little booklet containing the story of St. Andrew's.

To Hingham came Edward Lincoln after his father Richard of Swantson Morley had disinherited him in behalf of his four children born to his fourth wife. Here Edward's son Samuel was baptized on August 24, 1622. In 1637 Samuel came to America to settle at Hingham, Massachusetts. And from Samuel's line of descendants sprang the immortal Abraham Lincoln.

While Sam was estimating how much I owed for the purchases (after 14 countries I have given up on the currencies) a most gracious lady entered the church with a tiny granddaughter. She was Mrs. Joy Hare and she explained the booklet was written by Miss Mary E. Lonsdale who lived but a short distance away in a house once belonging to Admiral Sir James Lancaster of Queen Elizabeth's Navy. He played a considerable part in helping Sir Francis Drake finish off the Spanish Armada in 1588. Would we like to meet her.

Indeed we would like to meet the lady. While Mrs. Hare was telling Sam how to get to her house the lady in question drove up. Mary Lonsdale told us of "The Friends of St. Andrew's Church" an organization desperately endeavoring to preserve the wonderful old church. Annual dues are 1 pound and 30 pence.

I can hardly think of a more meritorious project for one of my interests than to preserve the church in which Abraham Lincoln's English ancestors was baptized. The ladies were thrilled. I would be the first member from over the seas.

In the meantime Sam rescued Rector William Stone from arduous work in his garden by bringing him over for a brief reunion. He and I had an interesting visit two years ago centering around a mutual interest in Rotary. We took up where we left off. He just completed a year as President of the Watton Club wherever that is.

No membership blanks were available so Mary Lonsdale insisted that Susan and Rhonda get in her car while the rest of us followed to her home. I was totally unprepared for the house standing in this remote village far off the beaten pathway--so far it takes a sleuth to find it. It is something else again.

Mary lives along since her mother passed away. She insisted upon calling in her next door neighbor, Miss Elsie Griffin who serves as President of the Friends of St.

Andrew's Church. While Mary was pouring a bit of sherry I discreetly asked about Mary and this beautiful setup. Elsie told me no worry about finances as Mary comes from a very wealthy family.

Elsie informed us a distant relative hailing from Tulsa, Oklahoma was coming for a visit next week. He is Paul Vasse over here attending the American Bar Association meeting. She has never seen him. I told her everyone from Tulsa is wealthy and to be certain to nail him for 1 pound 30 pence for the Friends of St. Andrew's. I signed the membership card, paid over 1 pound 30 pence (borrowed from conservative Susan) and we reluctantly took our departure. Everyone interested in the Lincoln story should become a member of the Friends of St. Andrew's Church, especially the numerous Lincoln associations scattered around the U.S.

Hingham, England and Hingham, United States have maintained a loose and at times a close liaison through the centuries. Two years ago I took a picture of a stone imbedded in a wall sent to England many years ago by people of Hingham, Massachusetts. I was distressed this day to note the wooden plaque telling of its significance has disappeared. That should be rectified at once or all knowledge of the stone will soon disappear.

Mary and Elsie told us the whereabouts of the site of Edward Lincoln's home. The house has been torn down within the memory of people still living in Hingham. We proceeded to the site for a picture of what is now an attractive rose garden. Then we continued our Lincoln trek by driving the eight miles to Dereham.

There we registered into the Phoenix Hotel after which we enjoyed another tasty lunch. We learned this hotel is well known for the excellence of its food and has prize winning certificates to attest to it.

Sometime over a year ago Madge Everitt sent me an item from the Rocky Mountain News of Denver describing an English family of Dereham who are descended from the same branch of the Lincoln family from which sprang our Civil War President. Mrs. Ethel Batteley's mother's maiden name was Lincoln. I sent Mrs. Batteley the account of our visit two years ago and an interesting correspondence ensued. After plans for

this journey were finalized I ^{met} visited and asked her to have dinner with us on this day along with any members of her family she saw fit to bring along.

The cute waitress who served our lunch is a neighbor of the Batteley's. She told us how to find their home so while the ladies took on their daily ration of fresh strawberries with "pour on" cream Sam and I checked on them.

Ethel Battelley and her husband were in the frontyard chattering with the neighbors. We made firm our dinner appointment, took a picture of them and prepared to depart. At that moment Martin Batteley and his bit glamorous wife with their two year old daughter drove up. So we obtained another picture of the entire group.

Of the four Batteley sons Martin more nearly resembles their famed American relative As a result of some publicity on this Mike Wallace, owner of the Leland Hotel in Springfield, Illinois invited Martin and Sybil to visit Chicago and Springfield. He had in mind establishing an old-fashioned English pub in the Leland. He thought it would be an attractive adjunct to have an English relative of Mr. Lincoln's handling it.

The Battelley's must have had a tremendous time in Illinois judging from newspaper accounts I heard on this day. They were really given V.I.P. treatment all along the line including a welcome by our friend Ralph Newman.

On our return to the Phoenix we discovered the ladies were finished with the strawberries and ready for whatever the afternoon might bring forth. This consisted of a drive to the coast city of Great Yarmouth via the bustling city of Norwich. We felt it essential to see Norwich because here Samuel Lincoln was apprentice to Francis Lewes, a weaver.

This group seems to have been caught up in the Puritan upheaval revolving around Oliver Cromwell's argument with Charles I. They decided to seek a land of greater religious tolerance. On April 8, 1637, Samuel Lincoln sailed from Great Yarmouth with the Lewes family never to return to England.

After Norwich came Great Yarmouth. On the way we were again impressed with the great number the type of windmill generally associated with Holland. No such numbers are visible there. Sam and I agreed if more windmills were put in use pollution might

be slowed a tiny fraction.

The people of Great Yarmouth have done a great job in restoring their St. Nicholas Church which was pretty well firebombed in W.W.II. It is the largest Parish Church in all England. No one appears to know when it had its origin. It is shrouded in the dim past but contains evidence of having been around since the days of the Romans.

My particular interest was to discover any Lincoln graves. The girls began reading the inscriptions on dim headstones while Sam wandered off in search of the Rector. Bertie inspected antique shops at the entrance while I checked the interior. Nothing there about Lincoln. Sam returned with the report from the Rector there is no evidence any Lincoln ever attended this church or were interred among the hundreds of headstones.

We called the search off and returned to Dereham over roads impeded by holiday observing Englishmen proceeding hither and yon. We got back in time to greet the Batteley family. Martin and his wife were with them. The other three sons were away cricketing. I had a feeling Martin wished he were also. He had spent the afternoon on the cricket field. That family is truly long gone on that sport. Mrs. Battleley's brother and sister-in-law Frederick and Margaret Pegg completed the party.

Truly we settled into the spirit of England with that entertaining and knowledgeable group. Dinner over we adjourned to the hotel's pub (bar I would have called it) where we carried on until attendants switched off the lights indicating it was time to get the blandety-blank out of there. But we really covered the water front, common market and all.

Sunday
July 11, 1971: As they took their departure last night Mrs. Batteley remarked,

"Your Susan bears a remarkable likeness to our Princess Anne." I have no idea if she does or not as I have not taken a close look at pictures of the English Princess for some years. But it brought to mind an incident of 18 years ago. With the Les Everitt's and Jim Ewing's in London we paid a visit on an English artist who had painted a portrait of Madge Everitt shortly before in Kansas City. At this time the artist showed a print of a painting she had just completed of the Prince and Princess.

Someone remarked the princess bore a striking resemblance to our granddaughter Susan. Whereupon the gracious artist presented the print to Bertie and me.

Andyway, Mrs. Batteley compared Susan to the Princess in looks and Rhonda Klein looks like a princess in anybody's language so when I hammered on their door this morning I asked if the princesses were awake. From now on, so far as I am concerned, they are the Princesses.

No hurry this day. Sam had discovered on the Cathedral rounds a tomb which once contained the body of Withburga, daughter of Annas King of East Angles. She was there interred in 654. In 974 zealous monks removed her body to Ely to lie with her three sisters. We inspected this relic of the past and then discovered a group of Englishman bowling on the green. So nearly as I could determine the gentlemen accompanied their wives almost to the doors of the church. There they dropped out to bowl while the ladies looked after their religious interests.

The girls got a lecture from enthusiastic explainers regarding the game and then we took off for Swanton-Morley. Here is the Angel Pub. Part of it is the house in which Richard Lincoln lived and wrote the will disinheriting his son, Edward. Upon learning of this Edward removed to Hingham. And from Hingham, Edward's son, Samuel, left for America.

Two years ago I had quite a hassle with the keeper of the pub, Sheila Townshead, over the matter of taking her picture with her hair done up in curlers. I finally persuaded her to protrude her face out of the door far enough for me to get a picture, curlers and all. It turned out very well and this morning Sheila reminded me I had never sent her a copy. This time her hair was done up again in curlers. But she hastily removed them for a picture with Bertie and the princesses. Then we made a leisurely drive to Lincoln. We thought it appropriate to visit the country and city from which the Lincoln's name descended although I am told there is not a single person now residing in the County of Lincolnshire bearing the surname of Lincoln. Indeed, there are none in Norfolk County. Mrs. Batteley represents the last of Abraham Lincoln's relatives living in England and none of them will ever bear the name of Lincoln.

The word Lincoln comes from the Roman word of Lindum which this city was called.

It became Lindum--colonia, Lindum--colony, Lindcolon, Lindon and finally the Lincoln of our day. The Venerable Bede called it Lindicollum. The first recorded use of the place-name Lincoln as a family name appears in the Domesday Book in 1086. Alfred de Lincoln was a Saxon by birth but his holdings were saved ~~for~~him by a fortitudinous marriage to a Norman lady.

Our hotel is the Eastgate hard by the renowned Lincoln Cathedral. After a latish dinner we strolled around the magnificent picce of medieval architecture and during all our brief stay we have enjoyed the musical bells as they ring out the hour.

Monday

July 12, 1971:

Another day of no hurry. The best treatise I have ever seen on Abraham Lincoln's English ancestor was written by a gentleman in the nineteen twenties. I am embarrassed. I am unable to recall his name at the moment. Efficient librarian Jean Harrington had Xeroxed pages from his book for my use. I brought along these pages but neglected to jot down his name. But I will say this much. If anyone ever visited more places having to do with Abraham Lincoln and people associated with him than I it is the compiler of the pages I have been utilizing. Truly he was a painstaking researcher.

Even though his research discloses the name Lincoln originated in Lincolnshire he discounts any possibility of any present inhabitants of that county being in anyway related to our Abraham Lincoln. A reading of his analysis would lead one to believe there was no one with the surname Lincoln living in Lincolnshire in the mid-twenties. I casually checked the telephone book and discovered five individuals with the surname Lincoln. But I ^{had} neither the time nor the researcher's zeal to check with them.

Instead I turned my interest to another character. Directly across from the hotel within the shadow of Lincoln Cathedral stands a Herculean statue of Alfred Lord Tennyson. I insisted the ladies accompany me for a picture of them sitting on a bench below the figure. I was pleased to note a bit of poetry on a bronze plaque at his feet. And I was still more pleased to learn my granddaughter could quote it. I knew she had studied a considerable amount of English and American literature and have been regretting memorizing much of it had been neglected. Anyway, here is the verse which the rest of us read and she quoted,

"Flower in the crammed wall

I pluck you out of the crannies,

I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,

Little flower--But if I could understand

What you are, root and all, and all in all.

I should know what God and man is."

Friday

August 6, 1971

This day we turned our backs on Stamp Dealers and British nobility to take up again the trail of two of our favorite characters - John Wesley and Abraham Lincoln. We drove first to Bristol where, with no difficulty, we located the John Wesley Chapel. It was erected in 1734, renovated in 1748 and then brought to it's splendid condition without altering its original structure and features by a devout Methodist in 1930. It is the oldest church in Methodism.

I really got a bang from a letter of Wesley's, written on February 9th, 1784, which bears out my own feelings on church building:

"I preached in the new-built room which is indeed an awful place-----. After preaching, I talked with the stewarts of the building: men whose hearts God has prepared for the work. They have expended all the money they had received and about a hundred pounds more, but they are not discouraged, believing He will provide, whose is the earth and the fullness thereof."

I believe we have handled more church construction projects than any builder in our part of the United States. We have never failed to receive full payment on every one of them, although it has taken a lot of faith in the Lord providing, both on the part of the congregation and ourselves.

I believe this chapel and the "New Room" as is called the former living quarters--now exhibit room - above is easily the most interesting study of Methodism I have ever seen. Here both John and Charles Wesley spent much time. An equestrian statue of John and a figure of Charles stands in the front and rear courts. Here Francis Aubury and George Whitford labored until they received the inspiration to journey the seas and spread Methodism throughout the United States.

Beneath the bronze figure of Charles Wesley is engraved:

Charles Wesley
1707 - 1788

"O let me commend my Savior to you."

In John Wesley's room is the corner chair in which he sat as in his 88th year he delivered his last sermon at Winchester, Sussex. But there are plenty of other interesting items in each room of the complex called "The New Room in the Horse Fair."

Mrs. Marian Andrews, John Wesley Chapel, Bristol is the caretaker and she really went all out in showing us about. But she fell down on one thing. We were desirous of visiting Hanhan Mount, dedicated to The Field Preachers. Here John Wesley preached his last open-air sermon. She sent us off in the wrong direction. Bristol is a city of 500,000 or more and by the time we had twice battled through its traffic-packed streets seeking Hanhan Mount, we knew we had been somewhere. But we located it and were pleased to see how well Methodists have kept preserved one of our Holy spots.

Methodism would appear to be still much more alive in Bristol than in other parts of Britain. We gathered that impression from the number of Methodist churches we observed scattered about the city as we wandered through it.

Then we struggled out of the city in the direction of Malmesbury. At a suitable place we stopped to enjoy another of Jerry Jennings' luncheons.

The English ancestors of Nancy Hanks, mother of Abraham Lincoln, apparently came from Malmesbury. About all that is known about him is summed up in this single paragraph from the book written by a gentleman in the nineteen-twenties. Understanding Jean Harrington, our Enid Librarian, had the account xeroxed from his book she obtained for me. I cannot recall his name and I shortsightedly did not write it down at the time I received the xeroxed pages.

Anyway, if any man ever lived who could dispute my claim to having visited more places having to do with Mr. Lincoln than I, it must be him. But he is hardly in a position to dispute my stand since lo, these many years he has been gathered to his fathers.

"So, after prolonged search, I reached what amounted to a conclusion, that the Thomas Hanks who disappeared from Malmesbury in the early portion of the Civil War, and

the Thomas Hanks whom I found in Virginia nine or ten years later, the only men of that name whom I have been able to discover, were one and the same man."

While Charles I and Oliver Cromwell were running about England dueling to discover who was going to rule Britain, many skirmishes and battles were engaged in. The problem of what to do with prisoner of war camps. If they were released, they would probably be soon found in the ranks of the enemy again. So the only alternatives were to either shoot them or deport them, both of which seem to have been liberally indulged in.

Charles still maintained control of Virginia. Many Puritans were deported hence as slaves or indentured servants. Evidently this was the fate of Thomas Hanks, the American maternal ancestor of Abraham Lincoln.

As we approached Malmesbury we had no difficulty in espying the same Abbey much mentioned in my unidentified friend's book. The vicar was most cooperative but knew nothing of Abraham Lincoln's maternal family. No Hanks were living in Malmesbury at this time and to the best of his knowledge, none were interred in the Abbey nor the adjoining graveyard. A most personable lady who was preparing a name in the Abbey for a daughter's wedding on the morrow, joined in the discussion.

She knew of no Hanks dead or alive. But when I mentioned my informant, described two unmarried ladies living in Malmesbury in the middle twenties, their respective memories came to life. They recalled them but were certain both had gone on to their eternal rewards.

Then for some reason I will never fathom, the lady suggested a farmer by the name of Higgins living on Middle Manor Farm near Garston knew more about the Hanks family than anyone in the area. Since my informant had gained the impression Edward Hanks possibly came from a nearby village rather than Malmesbury itself, I felt this suggestion might have merit. The vicar, the lady, and Sam put their heads together and drew a rough map for us to follow. While this was going on, I sent the Princesses out into the burial yard looking for Hanks headstones. Right then I decided neither the vicar or our new found

lady friend knew anything about the Hanks family. For the girls soon returned to escort me to a well-preserved stone on which was engraved:

In
Loving Memory
Of
Sarah Hanks
Beloved wife of
Henry Garlick Hanks
Who died May 19th 1876
Aged 80 years
Also of
Henry Garlick Hanks
Who died Aug. 6, 1879
Aged 90 years.

We had a heck of a time finding Garston. This was largely because Sam insisted a three story tower was a water tower. We were supposed to turn right at a water tower. I mildly protested that did not look like any water tower I had ever seen, but Sam turned right anyway. After driving several miles we decided to question a knowledgeable looking gentleman approaching on a bicycle. He assured us we were proceeding in exactly the opposite direction from Garston. We retraced our steps, found an orthodox looking water tower, turned right at it and after much more questioning, reached a cluster of houses called Garston and a short distance beyond, drove into Middle Manor Farm.

A trio of huge, unfriendly dogs greeted us with vociferous barking. We all decided discretion was the better part of valor and remained in the car. Finally a pleasant appearing lady attired in overalls approached. She assured us her husband knew nothing about the Hanks family and was too busily engaged in milking cows to even talk with us. And as soon as she got rid of us she would join in the milking. She did tarry long enough to express the opinion one of the Hanks ladies was still living but the Hanks were not related to Abraham Lincoln, but to George Washington. The same opinion had been expressed by someone in the Abbey. This convinced us we had run up a blind alley so we returned to Bath.

Sam was put out with the Francis Hotel. They could not keep us for a second night, but worse, showed not the slightest interest in helping us locate other quarters. He had finally succeeded in getting us in another hotel. The rooms were passable but the least desirable we have had on the entire journey. Sam and I agreed the Francis would be

passed by on future visits to Bath.

He had located a fairly good restaurant in a third hotel. After dinner we took a lengthly stroll to get a much better impression of Bath. The great number of attractive shops served to remind me of Napoleon Bonaparte's statement in which he referred to England as a Nation of shop keepers. The Pump Room and the ancient Roman baths were closed for the day. But a walk along the Avon River disclosed landscaping, complete and underway, much resembling the banks of the San Antonio River as it flows through San Antonio, Texas.

From the desk of
H. B. BASS

We thought you might enjoy Mr. Bass' report on his
journey into the land of Abraham Lincoln's ancestors.

Pictures will follow—

IN SEARCH OF LINCOLN'S ENGLISH ANCESTORS

By: Henry B. Bass

Tuesday, December 2, 1969, was pitch dark in this far north country as we left our room at 8 a.m. to begin the day's activities. On the elevator the operator of that odd contraption cheerily observed, "The snow chased away the cold and now the snow is gone." He was right. We could hardly have asked for a better December day for our expedition into the north and east of England. For this day was devoted to the English ancestors of Abraham Lincoln. Not too much is known about them in the United States, and I was to discover not much more in England.

With me I had a copy of Lincoln Lore dated July 30, 1945, which Dr. Gerald McMurtry, Director of the Lincoln National Life Foundation of Fort Wayne, declared contained all that they had on the subject. With this bulletin he had included xeroxed pictures of two churches captioned, "The Ancient Parish Church in Great Yarmouth -- Many Lincolns Are Buried Here," and "The Church at Swanton-Morley, Norfolk, England -- Church Home of the Lincolns" with the notations: "The new Celtic cross in front of the tower contains names of soldiers from that parish killed in the World War. A. Lincoln is among them."

I had sent this data to George F. Samuels, our driver, with the request he check further on Lincoln's ancestry. As we started the journey he showed me an item in an English travel book briefly -- very briefly -- describing the Lincoln ancestry connection with the parish church at Hingham. I know there are Americans who must know of this Hingham deal. Why none of the experts with whom I consulted did not call my attention to it I do not know.

As we slowly wended our way through London streets impeded by going-to-work cars of Englishmen, Sam chafed, "Look how slowly they proceed. But this evening they will break into a cantor going home."

Once out of the going-to-work London traffic we proceeded rapidly. We comfortably bypassed Cambridge, the ancient seat of learning, to be stopped by about as odd a traffic impediment as I ever encountered. We entered New Market, the focal point of Britain's thoroughbred horse breeding activities. As we proceeded we were impressed no little with a long line of race horses, each bearing a jockey or youngish stable boy, moving in single file. Shortly we were

stopped in a line of traffic. At long last we were allowed to continue with the interesting discovery that the delay was caused by that long line of horses and riders leisurely crossing the main highway.

Some distance further we began searching for a way to get to Hingham. This hamlet of 1500 people appears on the map but with no road showing how to get there. But Sam successfully negotiated winding rural roads. We were impressed no little with the way all roads had been cleared of snow. As we drove north we encountered considerable snow left from Saturday's rather heavy fall but nary a flake on the road.

As we approached Hingham we reasoned the experts must be in error. The parish church captioned as being in Swanton-Morley must be the one we were looking at. We left Bertie in a shop and entered the church. Workmen with much scaffolding were about. As a matter of fact, we never saw a sizeable church or cathedral in all Europe around which a bit of scaffolding was not about. Evidently maintenance of these ancient structures is a continuous (and expensive) chore.

A genial workman showed us the most important item of the day's search. It was a bust of Abraham Lincoln located in a niche in the wall. Underneath is a bronze plaque upon which is inscribed:

In this parish for many generations
Lived the Lincoln ancestors of the American

Abraham Lincoln

To him greatest of that lineage
Many citizens of the United States

Have erected in this Memorial

in the hope that for all ages

Between that land and

this land and all lands

There shall be

"Malice toward none

with charity for all."

Another plaque states "Richard Lincoln, Samuel's grandfather is said to have been buried in the central aisle of this church."

I would be inclined to question that. Richard Lincoln left a will virtually disinheriting his son Edward. Whereupon Edward left his native village of Swanton-Morley and moved to Hingham. From Hingham, Edward's seventeen-year-old son left to seek a fresh start in life in the new village of Hingham, Massachusetts, and to become the grandfather six times removed of Abraham Lincoln.

We sought out the rector. He really waxed enthusiastic when I observed his Rotary pin and informed him I was a Rotarian. When I suggested the church captioned as being located at Swanton-Morley should read Hingham, he said not so. The Lincolns had lived at Swanton-Morley for years. Only unhappy Edward had come to Hingham.

While Sam and I were doing all this, Bertie had consulted with a shop keeper. Many years ago the people of Hingham, England, had sent some stones from their church to Hingham, Massachusetts. The people in America had responded with a similar gift which were imbedded in a wall hard by the church.

The White Hart pub looked inviting so we entered seeking lunch. Only beer, hard drinks and sandwiches were available. I shuddered to think of what a sandwich in this outlying pub would be like. The obliging barmaid recognized our hesitancy and suggested we proceed to Dereham, a town which lay on our route to Swanton-Morley. The Phoenix Restaurant there was excellent.

But we enjoyed a most pleasant visit with the villagers therein enjoying their midday beer. One grizzled farmer decided Bertie did not look too bright history-wise and informed her one of the descendants of a Hingham citizen had become President of the United States: a chap named Abraham Lincoln.

The restaurant at Dereham turned out to be all it was cracked up to be. I never indulged in better steak and kidney pie. And to top it all, the Rotary Club was in session. I joined them for a makeup session. Few Americans ever appear there. As a matter of fact, none present could recall ever before having seen an American at one of their luncheons. And the club is twenty-one years old.

Sam had previously told me this area is completely off the tourist lanes. There are practically no restaurants and hotels available for tourists. In the three years since I had gotten him interested in the Lincoln story he had endeavored to interest American tourists in visiting Abraham Lincoln's ancestral country. All were interested but too busy to take the time required. In all the years Sam has been driving he had never visited this area before.

We proceeded to Swanton-Morley and immediately ascertained why we were confused. The exterior architecture of the two parish churches is almost identical. As the day wore on we discerned at least a dozen churches with the same general design.

And something else. In this area we observed more Dutch windmills than we saw in Sunday's lengthy drive across The Netherlands.

We discovered nothing about Lincoln in or around the parish church. But we easily located the "Angel Inn." The original portion of this structure is the home which Richard Lincoln constructed about the year 1610. In this house he signed his last will and testament which was "indirectly responsible for the migration of some of his descendants to America."

The inn was closed at the moment, and we had a deuce of a time persuading the proprietress, her hair done up in curlers, to permit us to enter. But she finally did, and I copied the inscription on the wall:

This inn is said to incorporate the
remains of a house which belonged
to Abraham Lincoln's ancestors and
it was here that Richard Lincoln
made a will in 1610 disinheriting
his son Edward and thereby causing
his grandson, Samuel Lincoln, to
emigrate to America in 1637.

The more we visited the more friendly became the young lady. She observed me writing down the inscription and asked, "Do you think anyone can read that? I never before saw anyone write upside down left handed." I admitted I could not read my own writing, but I had a secretary who could. She thawed to a point she even let me take her picture standing in the doorway -- curlers and all.

It was getting late, so we hurried on to Great Yarmouth. As we approached we observed the ancient parish church. But the picture I held in my hand showed a steeple. There was none on the edifice we were nearing. After we entered I found out why. The church had been bombed out in World War II. It was rebuilt but the steeple left off.

It was growing dark, so Sam and I hurriedly inspected as many churchyard stones as we could read but found none with the name Lincoln. That does not mean they are not there. Between the gathering dusk and the centuries of weathering, names could easily be overlooked. We could not locate the rector. But a knowledgeable citizen assured us the church was the one for which we were searching.

Then he pointed out a sign over a door of the house adjoining the rector's home. It read, "Here was born Anna Sewell who wrote 'Black Beauty'." That was one of my boyhood's favorite books.

It was time to start the four-hour drive back to London. I was well satisfied with the day's venture. For some time I have been contending I have visited more places having to do with Abraham Lincoln and people associated with him than any other. This day's activities certainly strengthen that claim.

Abraham Lincoln statue
by James Earle Fraser
in Cowboy Hall of Fame
and Western Heritage Center
Oklahoma City



HENRY B. BASS

(Collector of Lincoln Poetry)

1901 COMANCHE TRAIL
ENID, OKLAHOMA

September 13, 1971

Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry
910 West Rudisill Boulevard
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46807

Dear Gerald:

I am enclosing some results of our Lincoln activities in England this summer. The photography is not too hot, but please remember a rank amateur was doing the photography.

Most sincerely,

Henry B. Bass
Henry B. Bass

HBB:mw

Enclosures

"Thy task is done; the bonds are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave."

— William Cullen Bryant

"'Tis the wink of an eye,
'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health
to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon
to the bier and the shroud
O, why should the spirit
of mortal be proud."

— William Knox

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early
dropp'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn
with ever-returning spring.
Ever-returning spring,
trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilacs blooming perennial
and dropping, star in the west,
And thoughts of him I love."

— Walt Whitman

"And when he fell, in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

— Edwin Markham

*The weary form, that rested not
Save in a master's grave,
The care-worn face that none forgot
Turned to the kneeling slave.
No rest in peace where his sad eyes
Saw peril, strife and pain;
This was the awful sacrifice
And ours the priceless gain.*

John B. Whitman

"His gaunt, gnarled hands,
his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, or art to please;

— Tom Taylor

"Tom Lincoln lies right over there
In that log cabin bleak and bare —
They say they have a little babe
(I understand they've named him Abe).
Yes, Sally said just t'other day,
That nothin' happens down this way!"

— Lulu Thompson

"Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

— Walt Whitman

"For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

— Fitz-Green Halleck

Europe:

SUMMER 1971



Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Bass, Enid, Oklahoma, Susan Jennings of Oklahoma City and Rhonda Klein of Dallas, Texas depart on a European pilgrimage.

August 15, 1971

Dear Everybody:

George Samuels who has driven us over Britain on two previous occasions, met us at the London Airport.

He whisked us away at nine o'clock for what developed into about the fullest day of history viewing, poetry studying, pop festival looking at, Methodist researching, with a bit of theatre, eating, and socializing I ever put in. Finally we proceeded to Westminster Abbey. One could put in endless hours viewing plaques and sculpturing of the characters and events revolving about that edifice which I would surmise is the soul of England. I was interested in the poets.

As a matter of fact, I have from the start regarded this journey as a poetical tour of Eng-

land. It is my desire to visit as many places as practicable having to do with every English poet of whose works I can quote one or more pieces. Having with me three ladies who do not regard poetry as the central theme of the tour, my studies will be a bit handicapped.

But I had my hour in the Poets Corner of the Abbey. Here is buried Geoffrey Chaucer, generally known as the "Father of the Modern English Language," and only rated slightly below William Shakespeare as a poet. I cannot quote a single line of his poetry. As a matter of fact, I cannot pronounce a word in his idiom. But Bertie shines forth. In her Christian College days some painstaking teacher crammed a few lines into her...crammed so well she has never forgotten them.

There were plenty of other poets around to whom I have attempted to pay tribute by memorizing a few of their couplets. Among these who are actually buried here are Thomas Babington McCauley, Rudyard Kipling, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Lord Byron, and Robert Browning. And memorialized here are Robert Southey, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, John Milton, and William Shakespeare.

And possibly appreciated by me most of all is the bust of my favorite poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He is the only American writer memorialized in the Abbey. This bust was placed in Poets Corner in 1884 and truly illustrates the regard in which Longfellow was held during his lifetime and still much admired and appreciated by me.

And on Aldergate Street we came to the Holy Spot of Methodism--where John Wesley was converted or suffered a heartwarming, as Rhonda calls it, or as Bertie and I like to term it, proceeded Walter Russell by a couple of centuries in experiencing a "Cosmic Illumination." Anyway, at this place Methodism was born.

I was appalled at the weatherbeaten sign bearing the date of 1726 which tells of this wonderful event. I am determined something will be done about this. The girls took that a bit lightly and reminded me I am already committed to doing something about the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. I took time to detail the part I played in striking a spark that preserved Samuel Worchester's grave in Oklahoma's Cookson Hills, Jesse Chisholm's burial place on the banks of the North Canadian River in Blaine County, putting one of the greatest of Union Civil War Heroes, General Nathaniel Lyon back on his pedestal in

place on the banks of the North Canadian River in Blaine County, putting one of the greatest of Union Civil War Heroes, General Nathaniel Lyon back on his pedestal in Springfield, Missouri National Cemetery, the preserving of the Missouri site of the Battle of Wilson Creek, and the current successful campaign to create of Honey Springs Battlefield in Oklahoma a permanent National Park. I admitted to failure up to now in creating an old-fashioned Oklahoma farmstead on the Garfield County Fairgrounds and preserving the sandstone marker over William Knox's grave in Edinburgh, Scotland New Calton Burial Grounds. But I shall keep trying.

We took up with John Wesley on this day in a really big way. Sam appeared at 10 a.m. to carry us to the chapel. Our way took us near Aldergate so we stopped while I took a picture of the weatherbeaten plaque telling of his experience at this place. Sam suggested we should stroll down the street entitled Little Britain. He went on to say he spends nearly every pleasant winter Sunday walking about the city of London exploring its innumerable paths and buildings. As research reveals events and names of people who play a part of importance thereabouts, the walk down Little Britain revealed one of importance to us. A plaque stated at that point the renowned hymn writer, Charles Wesley, became converted to the course of Methodism.

We entered Wesley's Chapel where a greeter handed us a copy of the morning program and a copy of the Wesley Chapel Hymn Book.

The a-bit formal service began. The number one hymn was one written by Issac Watts. As the minister settled into his splendid sermon I half listened while counting the number of hymns in the book written by Issac Watts and Charles Wesley. The sermon ended before I got through. There are 984 songs in the hymnal but I was compelled to desist counting with the ending of the preaching when I had reached number 806. Of these, Issac Watts wrote 56 and Charles Wesley 205. And I was pleased to note how often verses from the pen of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and John Greenleaf Whittier appeared.

12 Tokenhouse Yard is the address of Britain's prestigious brokerage firm, Cozenove and Company, far and away the largest of

such in Britain. I have maintained a liaison with Alec Coombe-Tennant, one of the partners from some few years. I told a dignified greeter I wished to see him. That worthy promptly led me up two short flights of stairs into an elevator and then into a sort of conference room where he left me. In a moment Alec Coombe-Tennant appeared to give me an enthusiastic but reproachful greeting. Why had I not let them know we were coming so arrangements could have been made for a leisurely get together. He was leaving on the morrow for Paris and then to Switzerland for the balance of the week.

Sam and I rescued the ladies from Herrod's and we all hurried back to the Churchill. Sir Anthony and Lady Swann were due for a one o'clock luncheon. It was a wonderful reunion with two of our favorite people. Anthony is the son of Sir Duncan who took son Bob and Vern Atkinson on a two day tour of London during World War II.

They brought us up to date on the family---Lady Dorothy, Anthony's mother passed away in April at the tender age of 92. She had been bedridden for many months after sustaining a severe fall. She was one of the most knowledgeable people on politics and world affairs with whom I have ever communed.

Lady Swann's sister and husband who showed us such a wonderful time in Nairobi two years ago are on holiday in England but had left for the north this very morning. Her other sister and family have at long last given up on Kenya and established a residence in Spain. Lady Swann was born in Kenya and Anthony served in the British military in that country for 28 years.

All good things must come to an end. We bade the Swann's a reluctant farewell, loaded our gear in the car and headed for Britain's oldest city, the capital of Saxon England, Winchester.

"Will no one rid me of this turbulent priest?" cried Henry II of his late Prime Minister (not quite the terminology for the twelfth century) who had become Archbishop of Canterbury, highest ecclesiastical position in Britain. Three of his knights took him literally and from the capital of Winchester proceeded to Canterbury. There on December 29, 1170, they murdered

Archbishop Thomas A. Beckett.

The wave of horror which swept all Christendom caused the Monarch to suffer considerable pangs of remorse. In an effort to do penance for the terrible deed, the contrite king made a pilgrimage from Winchester to Canterbury. This pilgrimage has been made by unnumbered thousands in the succeeding centuries.

Near the close of the fourteenth century Geoffrey Chaucer, with a group of congenial characters covered the portions of this pilgrimage route from London to Canterbury. This he immortalized in the Canterbury Tales, a lengthy poem cast in the idiom of the day. Largely because of this work Chaucer has become known as the "Father of Present Day English."

In far away Oklahoma, Professor Paul Ruggiers conceived the idea of creating at the University of Oklahoma a Chaucer Varorium which might result in this institution becoming the center of all learning concerning Geoffrey Chaucer. He arranged for the prestigious University of Oklahoma Press to republish a memorial edition of all of Chaucer's writings when and if proper financing can be arranged. I can think of nothing which would add more to the cultural prestige of our state than have Dr. Ruggier's dream come true. Certainly wealthy Oklahomans could do far worse than put some of their excess dollars to work on this meritorious project.

With my interest in English history and literature I waxed enthusiastic enough about this project to plan to follow the Pilgrim's Way on our current tour. Professor Ruggiers sent me much helpful data; I put guide, driver, and historian George Samuels to work on it and then in the December 1970 issue of "Travel," I stumbled upon a most interesting account of a twentieth century traveling of the way by Ron and Fran Wickerd, whoever they are.

Armed with all this and with Sam as driver and guide, our party this day traversed the ancient way. We decided we would pause at every spot we came across mentioned by Chaucer and the Wickerd's and uncovered by Sam's research, and get some sort of a picture of something reminiscent of the locality. With that objective I kept Rhonda and Susan and sometimes Bertie, bouncing in and out of the car all the livelong day. To their occasional mild protests, Sam firmly announced, "Your presence in the picture will be the only evidence that Mr. Bass was actually here."

Time was running out on us. So we continued on the "Way" through Otford where

pilgrims from London joined the "Way" from Winchester, Wrotham, Aylesford, where we crossed the River Medway, Thoresham, Hollingbourne to reach Chilham, the final stop of the pilgrims before entering Canterbury.

Sam triumphantly drove us through the ancient gate where the pilgrims entered the Holy City just as the sun was sinking in the west. Most appropriately he deposited us at the Chaucer Hotel.

It had been a strenuous and exciting day, but an even more exciting finish was to come. It was Miss Susan Jennings twentieth birthday. We made a reservation at the Romantica Restaurant where a most outstanding dinner was served. As the waiter approached bearing a birthday cake properly candlelighted with the name Su-su on the top, piano music was heard and no less than five Italian waiters gathered around Su-su and in honest-to-goodness baritone opera voices repeated the refrain,

"Happy birthday to Susan."

We proceeded ~~once again~~ to the land of Abraham Lincoln's paternal ancestors. First we came to Hingham, a village which reminds me of Bertie's hometown in Missouri. In the 1950 census, Brunswick had two fewer people than in 1850 and it has lost a bit of ground since then. Hingham has been around since at least the year 925 A.D. In 1801 the population was 1,203. By 1845 it had risen to 1,691, but the latest count drops it back to 1,314.

St. Andrew's Church dominates the town and countryside. Today, Britishers were complaining of the intense heat wave which was continuing. Why it was predicted the temperature would again reach 80°F. in the south of England. As we reached the church, Sam pointed out the pub into which Bertie fled as soon as the car stopped two years ago to, in his vernacular, "have a warm." She needed no warm today.

The church presented an entirely different appearance than two years ago. Scaffolding was gone and everything was in order. We took pictures of the bust of Abraham Lincoln and the plaque dedicated by American Ambassador John W. Davis in 1919. Then we discovered a table on which were postcards, letter sheets, and copies of a neat little booklet containing the story of St. Andrew's.

To Hingham came Edward Lincoln after his father, Richard of Swanton Morley, had disinherited him in behalf of the four children born to his fourth wife. Here Edward's son, Samuel, was baptized on August 24, 1622.

In 1637 Samuel came to America to settle at Hingham, Massachusetts. And from Samuel's line of descendants, sprang the immortal Abraham Lincoln.

A most gracious lady entered the church with a tiny granddaughter. She was Mrs. Joy Hare and she explained the booklet was written by Miss Mary E. Lonsdale who lived but a short distance away in a house once belonging to Admiral Sir. James Lancaster of Queen Elizabeth's Navy. He played a considerable part in helping Sir Francis Drake finish off the Spanish Armada in 1588. Would we like to meet her.

Indeed we would like to meet the lady. While Mrs. Hare was telling Sam how to get to her house, the lady in question drove up. Mary Lonsdale told us of "The Friends of St. Andrew's Church," an organization desperately endeavoring to preserve the wonderful old church. Annual dues are 1 pound and 30 pence.

I can hardly think of a more meritorious project for one of my interests than to preserve the church in which Abraham Lincoln's English ancestor was baptized. The ladies were thrilled. I would be the first member from over the seas.

In the meantime Sam rescued Rector William Stone from arduous work in his garden by bringing him over for a brief reunion. He and I had an interesting visit two years ago centering around a mutual interest in Rotary. We took up where we left off. He just completed a year as president of the Watton Club, wherever that is.

No membership blanks were available so Mary Lonsdale insisted that Susan and Rhonda get in her car while the rest of us followed to her home. I was totally unprepared for the house standing in this remote village far off the beaten pathway---so far it takes a sleuth to find it. It is something else again.

Mary lives alone since her mother passed away. She insisted upon calling in her next door neighbor, Miss Elsie Griffin who serves as president of the Friends of St. Andrew's Church. While Mary was pouring a bit of sherry, I discreetly asked about Mary and this beautiful setup. Elsie told me there was no worry about finances as Mary comes from a wealthy family.

I signed the membership card, paid over 1 pound and 30 pence (borrowed from conservative Susan) and we reluctantly took our departure. Everyone interested in the Lincoln story should become a member of the Friends of St. Andrew's Church, especially the numerous Lincoln associations scattered around the

United States.

Mary and Elsie told us the whereabouts of the site of Edward Lincoln's home. The house has been torn down within the memory of people still living in Hingham. We proceeded to the site for a picture of what is now an attractive rose garden. Then we continued our Lincoln trek by driving the eight miles to Dereham.

Sometime over a year ago, Madge Everitt sent me an item from the Rocky Mountain News of Denver, describing an English family of Dereham who are descended from the same branch of the Lincoln family from which sprang our Civil War President. Mrs. Ethel Batteley's mother's maiden name was Lincoln. I sent Mrs. Batteley the account of our visit two years ago and an interesting correspondence ensued. After plans for this journey were finalized, I wrote and asked her to have dinner with us on this day along with any members of her family she saw fit to bring.

Ethel Batteley and her husband were in the frontyard chattering with the neighbors. We made firm our dinner appointment, took a picture of them, and prepared to depart. At that moment, Martin Batteley and his bit glamorous wife and two year old daughter drove up. So we obtained another picture of the entire group.

Of the four Batteley sons, Martin more nearly resembles their famed American relative. As a result of some publicity on this Mike Wallace, owner of the Leland Hotel in Springfield, Illinois invited Martin and Sybil to visit Chicago and Springfield. He had in mind establishing an old-fashioned English pub in the Leland. He thought it would be an attractive adjunct to have an English relative of Mr. Lincoln's handling it.

The Batteley's must have had a tremendous time in Illinois judging from newspaper accounts I heard on this day. They were really given V.I.P. treatment all along the line, including a welcome by our friend Ralph Newman.

We journeyed to Great Yarmouth looking for more Lincolns, but called the search off and returned to Dereham over roads impeded by holiday observing Englishmen proceeding hither and yon. We got back in time to greet the Batteley family. Martin and his wife were with them. The other three sons were away cricketing. I had a feeling Martin wished he were also. He had spent the afternoon on the cricket field. That family

is truly long gone on that sport. Mrs. Batteley's brother and sister-in-law, Frederick and Margaret Pegg, completed the party.

Truly we settled into the spirit of England with that entertaining and knowledgeable group. Dinner over, we adjourned to the hotel's pub (bar I would have called it) where we carried on until attendants switched off the lights, indicating it was time to get the blankety-blank out of there. But we really covered the water front, common market, and all.

As they took their departure last night Mrs. Batteley remarked, "Your Susan bears a remarkable likeness to our Princess Anne." I have no idea if she does or not, as I have not taken a close look at pictures of the English Princess for some years. But it brought to mind an incident of 18 years ago. With the Les Everitt's and Jim Ewing's in London, we paid a visit to an English artist who had painted a portrait of Madge Everitt shortly before in Kansas City. At this time the artist showed a print of a painting she had just completed of the Prince and Princess. Someone remarked the Princess bore a striking resemblance to our granddaughter Susan. Whereupon the gracious artist presented the print to Bertie and me.

Anyway, Mrs. Batteley compared Susan to the Princess in looks and Rhonda Klein looks like a princess in anybody's language, so when I hammered on their door this morning, I asked if the Princessess were awake. From now on, so far as I am concerned, they are the Princessess.

We drove to Swanton Morley for a look at a pub, part of which was the home of Abe Lincoln's ancestor. Two years ago I had quite a hassle with the keeper of the pub, Sheila Townshead, over the matter of taking her picture with her hair done up in curlers. I finally persuaded her to protrude her face out of the door far enough for me to get a picture, curlers and all. It turned out very well and this morning Sheila reminded me I had never sent her a copy. This time her hair was done up again in curlers. But she hastily removed them for a picture with Bertie and the Princessess. Then we made a leisurely drive to Lincoln. We thought it appropriate to visit the county and city from which Lincoln's name descended although I am told there is not a single person now residing in the County of Lincolnshire bearing the surname of Lincoln. Indeed, there are none in Norfolk County. Mrs. Batteley represents the last of Abraham Lincoln's relatives living in

England and none of them will ever bear the name of Lincoln.

The word Lincoln comes from the Roman word of Lindum which this city was called. It became Lindum--colonia, Lindum--colony, Lindcolon, Lindon, and finally the Lincoln of our day. The Venerable Bede called it Lindicollum. The first recorded use of the place-name Lincoln as a family name, appears in the Domesday Book in 1086. Alfred de Lincoln was a Saxon by birth, but his holdings were saved for him by a fortitudinous marriage to a Norman lady.

I casually checked the telephone book and discovered five individuals with the surname Lincoln. But I had neither the time nor the researcher's zeal to check with them.

We discovered Epworth for one of the most pleasureable and at the same time, one of the most disappointing experiences of our journey. The house in which John Wesley was born was partially destroyed by fire in 1706. His father, Vicar of the local Church of England, rebuilt it and it remained his house until he died. It was purchased by the Methodists from the Church of England in 1957 and given a good renovating.

The disappointment came when we discovered we could have passed the night there and had dinner and breakfast if proper advance reservations had been made. Mr. and Mrs. W. Dobinson preside over it. Mrs. Dobinson assured us a couple hours notice would have enabled her to have prepared lunch for us. The next night a group from Texas is due in.

Since the Wesley's had seventeen children, considerable sleeping space was required. Most of the children slept in the attic and there in this day are beds awaiting wandering Methodists.

I was intrigued with a largish book bearing the caption "A Salute to the Wesley's in Commemoration of their Epworth Home from World Methodism." For \$100 or more any Methodist Church can get it's picture and a three-hundred word story about it in this book. I noticed Methodist Churches from Okmulgee, Oklahoma and Lubbock, Texas are included. And I have already determined the First Methodist Church of Enid, Oklahoma will ere long be included. The money is used to maintain the Old Rectory.

Mrs. Dobinson opined since she could not feed us the best chance and only chance

for lunch in Epworth was the Red Lion Inn. Here we proceeded only to discern a large busload of Yorkshiremen on holiday were stringing in for lunch. The proprietor regretfully informed us the place was solidly booked and we could get no sustenance there on this day.

In front of the Red Lion stands some stone steps and a platform. Here John Wesley often preached after the Church of England forbade his presence in any of its churches because of his supposedly radical ideas. The evangelist often stayed in the Red Lion. From there we proceeded to view the Epworth Parish Church over which his father, Samuel Wesley, presided for so many years. Here John received Holy Communion at the tender age of 8 years. In the churchyard is the tomb of Samuel Wesley.

After I purchased Abraham Lincoln's favorite poem written in his own handwriting, I began a bit of research on the poet William Knox. I discovered he had been sort of a protege of Sir Walter Scott. That led me to correspondence with Dr. James Corson, librarian of the University of Edinburgh and universally recognized as the greatest living authority on Mr. Scott. He obtained for me copies of the meagre correspondence between Scott and Knox.

In 1953 we journeyed to Edinburgh. In a visit with Dr. Corson I turned over to him every scrap of data I had secured about Knox. That worthy declared I had brought to him from America more information about Knox than existed in all the British Isles.

In 1966 we again returned to Scotland. Shortly before I learned Dr. Corson had resigned his librarian job to devote all his time to Sir Walter Scott. He had moved to Lilliesleaf, a village near Abbotsford.

With Sam driving us, Bob Forbes and I paid a visit to him. The Corson's had just purchased a home and things were a bit in disarray. Books pertaining to Scott were scattered about in great profusion on the floor and anywhere else one or more could be stacked.

We had a delightful visit, Mrs. Corson served us tea and as we departed I remarked I never realized so many books had been written about Scotland's premier literary light. Whereupon our host remarked we had not seen anything yet. He escorted us outdoors and to a delightful little church building immediately adjoining his house.

"This is the reason we purchased this place,"

he informed us. "This is an abandoned Presbyterian Church. It came with the property. I am going to use it for my library." He led us into it. The floor was covered with a vastly greater number of Scott books and kindred material. He explained the craftsman had not yet completed the shelving.

In this 1971 visit I was most anxious to see how his library was faring. We entered the car and started for Lilliesleaf. Passing through Melrose, Bertie espied the antique shop in which she and Winifred Forbes had secured a bargain or bargains five years ago. She immediately lost all interest in libraries--she wanted out. So she and Rhonda proceeded to antique while Susan accompanied Sam and me to the Corson's.

Dr. Corson was awaiting us. Believe me, that is one victim of "bookitis" who has got the space problem solved. He has really transformed the interior of that church into an attractive library. Besides book shelves, the walls are adorned with mementos of Scott and other items collected in a long and busy life.

Was I flattered when he showed me a file of my monthly letters complete since I began sending them to him eighteen years ago. He remarked,

"It would appear to me you would come in for some severe criticism because of the frankness in which you indulge on occasion." I assured him I was frequently criticized and told him of two F.B.I. investigations I underwent as a result of them. "Now," I informed Dr. Corson, "I tell caustic critics I have been cleared by the F.B.I. Have you?" About then Mrs. Corson called us for tea.

We had a delightful visit to Scott's home, made more so by the wonderful visit with Patricia Maxwell Scott, great, great, great granddaughter of the poet. She and a sister are current owners of Abbotsford. They are kept busy showing the home to the constant stream of visitors coming to pay homage to the great literary figure. Six-hundred went through the day before.

Her sister alternates between helping look after the magnificent estate and acting as lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester. She serves a month at each and this month she was with the Duchess. When she is home she looks after the garden and the expansive grounds which must be quite a task in itself.

Our hostess soon appeared with a copy of the latest Sir Walter Scott book to appear which she autographed and presented to me. This is the 200th anniversary of his birth and much is being made of it all over Scotland with the commemoration reaching a peak in August.

Eureka! Eureka! Eureka! Eureka! Four times! I began this journey with four definite objectives in mind. First, to get into the Casino at Baden Baden, Germany. Second, have a look at the Laurentian Library in Florence. Third, view Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, "The Last Supper" at Milan, and fourth, get within the confines of the "Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews" where golf began at St. Andrews, Scotland.

We planned to have early lunch and then drive to St. Andrews. But hurry or not no one has lunch at Glencagles until a quarter of one. In the meantime, her Royal Highness discovered a hair dresser in the hotel which she chose over golf. But the rest of us proceeded over the sheep laden moors for 56 miles to St. Andrews.

The golf center was jammed to the gills with cars and people. The Scottish Amateur Open was underway. We drove to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. A dour visaged Scot of no mean proportions barred the entrance. No one but members would be admitted this day.

Twenty-eight years ago son Bob wrote that one of his closest University of Oklahoma buddies, Charles (Bucket) Coe, was a cadet at Enid Army Flying School. That was our introduction to a young man who became one of our country's leading amateur golfers and married the daughter of our good Ardmore friends, Ward and Jinx Merrick. I recalled that Bucket played at St. Andrews on more than one occasion.

I told the burly doorman Mr. Coe had written a letter requesting that I be admitted into the confines of the club. He grudgingly conducted me into the presence of Andrew Wright. That gentleman thumbed through a considerable stack of letters. None from Mr. Coe. However, he knew of the prowess of our Okie golfer and was inclined to listen to the pleas of one of his friends who had come so far to see the club.

Finally he assured it was never done, was against the rules, but he would give me a tour of the club. The first record of golf is that a match was played at St. Andrews in 1459. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of

St. Andrews was started in 1754. It has 1,750 members from around the world, 275 of whom reside in the United States.

The club owns no golf course. There are four at St. Andrews, all owned by the municipality. The five golf clubs in the town turn part of their dues to assisting in the maintenance. I was shown many trophies of golfing through the centuries and most prized to Scotland was the Walker Cup back in golfdom's Fatherland for the first time since 1938. I was shown clubs presented by many celebrities, particularly one once used by Bobby Jones. Another outstanding item is a painting of Francis Quinment, the 1951 club president, executed by none other than an amateur artist by the name of Dwight Eisenhower.

We continued through the mountains and valleys past the lakes, through the principal town of Keswick to our Old England Hotel on the shores of Lake Windermere. The hotel is well named. It is truly colorful and fits perfectly into the tradition of the Lake District. I have read this district has been more written about in song, prose and poetry, more geologized, painted and photographed, and otherwise studied than any similar area on the globe. And one has only to drive about it to see why.

We ate dinner as we watched people on holiday disport themselves on the lake. As dinner ended a gentleman seated himself beside us.

"My wife and I have been longing for the sound of southern voices." Remarks like this always pleases me although I will be darned if I can see how Rhonda's Texas twang and our Okie whatever it is, can be called Southern. He is Professor Perry Hubbard of the University of Alabama Law School. We so enjoyed having coffee with them in the lounge.

They came over for the bar convention and after it closed have been touring in a rent car. We were the first since leaving London they could identify as Southerners. Mrs. Hubbard got her degree in English after their four children were pretty well along. She did her practice teaching at the University of Mexico. I really found a kindred soul in appreciation of English poetry. Perry Hubbard and his wife made ring more true,

"Strangers are friends we have not yet met."

Stratford-on-Avon is but fourteen miles away. We reached it in comfortable time. First we visited Holy Trinity Church in which side-by-side are interred the great poet-playwrite, his wife, better known as Ann Hathaway than as his spouse, and a daughter and son-in-law. Of course, as have millions before us, we read Shakespeare's warning:

"Good friend for Jesus' sake, forebeare to dig the dust enclosed heare. Blesse be ye man to spare these bones and curst be he to move my bones."

From there we drove to Ann Hathaway's thatch-roofed cottage, now fully restored after some nut tried to burn it down. We inspected the house where William Shakespeare was born and had pointed out to us where lived Catherine Harvard, mother of the John Harvard after whom our own Harvard University is named.

Then it was time to proceed to the Shakespearean Theatre for a dinner engagement much sought after by all visitors to Stratford. In this splendid restaurant, which is part of the Theatre, we enjoyed a most excellent dinner while watching swans disporting themselves on the River Avon.

In 1948 George Shirk brought Ronald Alcock to Enid. I showed the Englishman wheat fields and he was particularly impressed with our tremendous grain storage facilities. He spent some time photographing some of the huge elevators. I took them to Oakwood Country Club for lunch and I still get a bang out of that Britisher ordering Brussels sprouts which happened to be on the menu. I had heard--and a little later I learned positively--Brussels sprouts was the principal food staple in England in 1948.

George suggested I put Mr. Alcock on my mailing list, and that has given us a tie over the years. Another important link is that he is one of the world's important stamp dealers. Ronald Alcock lives in Cheltenham, but a couple of months later he came to London to help show us about when Bertie, daughter Jerry, and Elizabeth Fell, and I visited England that summer.

It is only a matter of an eighteen mile drive from Broadway. Shortly after arriving at the Queens Hotel a personable young man approached. It was Tony Alcock, whom I recalled as being a mere lad. He is now a partner in his Dad's business. He informed us his father had returned but yesterday from a U.S. trip. He had tarried in Surrey to

visit the daughter, but he and his wife were due in for lunch. Tony proved to be a most interesting chap--not married. Intensely interested in the American Civil War, having toured quite some few of the Eastern Battlefields. Collects valentines but only those put out before 1860. Has recently opened an antique shop in London.

About then Ronald and wife appeared. He had flown to America to deliver a valuable collection of Scottish postal covers used before stamps came into use. So valuable is it, he would not trust it to the mails and personally delivered it. So interested has the American purchaser become in his treasures, he is preparing to tour Scotland to visit each town represented in his collection.

We really had an enjoyable visit. They belong to the International Food and Wine Club. Their daughter is married to a Shell Petroleum Company executive. For a time they lived in Kenya. The Alcock's visited them there and from their observations, they gained the same impression I have. Africa is going backward.

This night an honest-to-goodness Shakespearean play was put on. We reveled in every moment of the comedy "Twelfth Night." This Shakespeare Theatre is really something. It plays to a capacity audience every night during it's April to October season. It was unbelievable to see the number of people who crowded the foyer hoping to purchase last minute cancelled tickets.

This day we really gained a lesson in English history. In the late spring of 1948 Jewett and Doyle Cotton invited us to dinner. The hostess introduced us to Lord Cardigan. That name instantly rang a bell with me--but why? At dinner I was seated next to the guest of honor. In the course of it, I turned to the Englishman and asked, "Your Lordship, could you be any relation to the Lord Cardigan who led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, the outfit Tennyson wrote the poem about?"

Indeed, sir!" he exclaimed. "That is where my title came from." Then when I went on to quote,

"Half a league, half a league, half
a league onward
All in the Valley of Death
Rode the six-hundred

"Forward the Light Brigade
'Charge for the guns' he said
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six-hundred."

he declared, "If you ever come to England come to my home down in Savernake Forest and I will kill a stag and give you a venison dinner." The poor guy did not know I was getting ready to come to England right then.

In 1966 we were guests of Cedric in the House of Lords' dining room. He had succeeded his father as Marquis of Ailesbury which entitled him to a seat in the House of Lords. In 1969 we missed him. For taxation reasons, he had moved his residence to the Isle of Jersey, leaving the Forest in the hands of his eldest son.

For the month of August he and this son had traded residences. When he learned we were in England, he and his wife insisted on another luncheon in the Forest. We arranged to meet at the Castle and Ball Inn at Marlborough because as Cedric said, "We are living in a thatch-roofed cottage in a remote section of the Forest. You could never find it." We met at the Inn, the Princesses climbed in, with the Marquis driving a thirty year old Bentley and away we went, threading our way around and past huge beech and oak trees. In as a delightful setting as we could desire, we enjoyed another excellent luncheon. Cedric's spouse was just as attractive as ever. After a lengthy visit, we toured the Forest.

This day we turned our backs on Stamp Dealers and British nobility to take up again the trail of two of our favorite characters-- John Wesley and Abraham Lincoln. We drove first to Bristol where, with no difficulty, we located the John Wesley Chapel. It was erected in 1734, renovated in 1748 and then brought to it's splendid condition without altering its original structure and features by a devout Methodist in 1920. It is the oldest church in Methodism.

I really got a bang from a letter of Wesley's, written on February 9th, 1784, which bears out my own feelings on church building:

"I preached in the new-built room which is indeed an awful place-----. After preaching, I talked with the stewarts of the building: men whose hearts God has prepared for the work. They have expended all the money they had received and about a hundred pounds more, but they are not

discouraged, believing He will provide, whose is the earth and the fullness thereof."

I believe we have handled more church construction projects than any builder in our part of the United States. We have never failed to receive full payment on every one of them, although it has taken a lot of faith in the Lord providing, both on the part of the congregation and ourselves.

I believe this chapel and the "New Room" as is called the former living quarters--now exhibit room - above is easily the most interesting study of Methodism I have ever seen. Here both John and Charles Wesley spent much time. An equestrian statue of John and a figure of Charles stands in the front and rear courts. Here Francis Asbury and George Whitford labored until they received the inspiration to journey the seas and spread Methodism throughout the United States.

Then we struggled out of the city in the direction of Malmesbury. At a suitable place we stopped to enjoy another of Jerry Jennings' luncheons.

The English ancestor of Nancy Hanks, mother of Abraham Lincoln, apparently came from Malmesbury. About all that is known about him is summed up in this single paragraph from the book written by a gentleman in the nineteen-twenties. Understanding Jean Harrington, our Enid Librarian, had the account xeroxed from his book she obtained for me. I cannot recall his name and I shortsightedly did not write it down at the time I received the xeroxed pages.

Anyway, if any man ever lived who could dispute my claim to having visited more places having to do with Mr. Lincoln than I, it must be him. But he is hardly in a position to dispute my stand since lo, these many years he has been gathered to his fathers.

"So, after prolonged search, I reached what amounted to a conclusion, that the Thomas Hanks who disappeared from Malmesbury in the early portion of the Civil War, and the Thomas Hanks whom I found in Virginia nine or ten years later, the only men of that name whom I have been able to discover, were one and the same man."

While Charles I and Oliver Cromwell were running about England dueling to

discover who was going to rule Britain, many skirmishes and battles were engaged in. The problem of what to do with prisoners of war. If they were released, they would probably be soon found in the ranks of the enemy again. So the only alternatives were to either shoot them or deport them, both of which seem to have been liberally indulged in.

Charles still maintained control of Virginia. Many Puritans were deported hence as slaves or indentured servants. Evidently this was the fate of Thomas Hanks, the American maternal ancestor of Abraham Lincoln.

About then I left the ladies and Sam and I meandered up to Bath Cathedral. I have never wearied of cathedrals although on every European journey I hear numerous impatient travelers moan about the number of cathedrals through which they have been rushed, and in most cases, not rushed fast enough. And I do not blame the tourists. Cathedrals can take on a sameness with which it is easy to become weary.

My continual interest springs from my intense interest in history. I love to read the engraving on the floor stones and plaques on the walls. Certainly a stroll through this extremely well-preserved cathedral in Bath was well worth my time. For in this great mass of stone or such of it was then standing, Edgar was in 973 crowned as first King of all England.

Then Sam guided me to the Pump Room which has been the center of Bath and much of England's social life for well nigh three centuries. Each morning it opens for morning coffee from ten a.m. until noon. And in the afternoon, tea is served. All with accompanying music. On other occasions the room continues to be used for every sort of social and entertainment occasions as it has for three centuries. Here Richard (Beau) Nash acted as social arbiter for over 50 years. And here the well-known actress Sarah Siddons made the center of her activities. The Sarah Siddons Walk which connects the Ambassador Hotels East and West in Chicago, are called after her walking activities in Bath. Names on plaques about this room and town read like Who's Who of England through the centuries.

I truly enjoyed the opportunity of a leisurely interval over coffee with the London Times. Most interesting item I read was a statement by Chay Blyth, the young English-

man who just now has completed a lonesome sailing voyage around the globe. It certainly strengthens Lincoln's and my philosophy as in discussing his journey he said, "The tougher and more hopeless things seem, the more I see the funny side."

In London we had enjoyable visits with Al and Martha Lager in whose apartment Fort Worth attorney, Cecil Munn, two years ago, put on a hilarious masquerade as an English butler for our benefit. They gave us a tour of the just now completed \$7,000,000 American school which Al heads.

I continue to have a feeling of intense pride that of all the architects around the globe to design this prestigious structure, a mid-western architect should be selected. John Shaver of Salina, Kansas can certainly carry a feeling of a job well done over that one.

While communing with the Lagers, we received a missive from Mr. Munn in Fort Worth, suggesting we rendezvous with him and his family in London during the American Bar Convention. Knowing something of the part that gentleman is currently playing in the affairs of lawyers on a national scale, I knew he would have little time for Okies. I so informed Mr. Lager.

In Scotland we received another missive from Mr. Munn. A must attendance for him had been a morning meeting of some sort in Westminster House. Protocol called for the wearing of striped trousers, swallow-tailed coat, and top hat. Cecil wrote,

"As I came out of that meeting and before I could get away, five American tourists snapped pictures of me."

. Sincerely,

Henry B. Bass



Parish church at Hingham, Norfolk

Hingham

Role of the rectors of Hingham Church from its founding

Tablet above the stone presented by people of Hingham, Massachusetts to people of Hingham Norfolk

Hingham

Bust of Abraham Lincoln and tablet on ; interior interior wall of Hingham church



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The Angel Inn

Rear portion built by Richard Lincoln,
ancestor of Abraham Lincoln - eight
times removed

The Angel Inn now a property of the National
Trust for permanent preservation because of its
part with Lincoln story

Parish church at Great Yarmouth

Parish church at Great Yarmouth

9/1

8. 1840

28 9



Swanton-Morley parish church

d. N.

S. m.

St. John. M.

Lincoln bust in St. Andrew's Church
Hingham, Norfolk, England.

Dedicated by American Ambassador
John W. Davis in 1919.

Malmesbury Abbey

Evidence that Hanks⁸ lived in
Malmesbury

with best wishes from
Mary E. Lonsdale.

Hingham and St. Andrew's Church

by

M. E. LONSDALE

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OUTLINE MAP
OF
ENGLAND
SHOWING

